

LONGS FOR SPRING.

De spring o' de year an' a slippin' erlong,
An' looks w' a p'p' through de cold ch'ly air,
An' he looks at de 's'le' 'eroun' fur his song,
An' he hops on de 'lim' an' de half frozen
br'ar.

De fire feels good, fur de 's'le' in de creek,
But spring it can't come 'erlong jus' de same,
For I need a yaller hammer w' a straw in his
hook.

An' he knows what he's doin', of he don't I
believe.

I'll be mighty glad when de warm win' 'blow
An' de dew d'rops 'eroun' enjoyin' o' de cool,
For, fur tell de Lord's truth, I've sorter seen
o' dem.

An' I hope I might fur ter get er little
wood.

De hope an' a w'ld' tenor when de weader it
is cool,
An' de bolle' like de d'ell' when yer climbs in
de pen—

Dean want er m'nd 'er 'em, oh, no, b'less ye
So I haist er, g'raime on de dominion here.

—Armsman Transier.

Praise Her.

Andrew Lee had come home from his
shop, where he had worked all day, tired
and out of spirits—came home to his
wife who was also out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful house—
a paradise it would be," said Andrew
to himself, as he turned his eyes from
the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat
down with knitted brows and moody as-
pect.

Not a word was spoken by either.
Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she
moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side
glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only;
none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table.
He was tempted to speak an angry word,
but he controlled himself and kept silent.

He could find no fault with the
chop and the home-made bread nor the
fragrant tea. They would have cheered
his inward man if there had been only a
gleam of sunshine on the face of his
wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The
words were on his lips, but he did not
utter them, for the face of his wife
looked so repellent that he feared an in-
teresting reply. And so in moody silence
the twin sat together until Andrew had
finished his supper.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to
himself, as he commenced walking the
floor of their breakfast-room with his
hands thrust in his trousers' pockets,
and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking
them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread
a green cover on the table, and placing
a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out
and shut the door after her, and leaving
her husband alone with his unpleasant
feelings. He took a long, deep breath
as he did so, passed in his walk, stood
still for some moments, and then, pick-
ing a paper from his pocket, sat down
by the table, opened the sheet, and
commenced reading. Singularly enough
the words upon which his eyes rested
were, "Praise your wife." These words
sounded to the disturbance of mind
from which he was suffering.

"It should like to find some occasion
for praising mine." How quickly his
thoughts expressed that ill-natured sen-
timent! But his cheeks were open to the
open before him and read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's
sake, give her a little encouragement; it
won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the
paper and muttered, "Oh, yes, praise her
all very well. Praise is cheap enough;
but praise her for what? For being
silent and making your home a
hell, and making your wife the world?"

His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfort-
able, your heart bright and shining,
good agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her
you think her, if nothing more, she don't
expect it. It will make her eyes open
wider than they have in ten years; but it
will do her good for all that, and you,
too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sen-
tence were written for him, and just for
the occasion. It was a complete answer
to his question. "Praise her for what?"
and he felt it as a rebuke. He read no
further, for thought came too busy, and
in a new direction. Every word con-
vincing him of the injustice to his wife,
he had always made his home as com-
fortable as her hands could make it, and
had he offered the light room of praise
or comfort he had experienced? He
was not able to recall the time or the oc-
casion; as he thought this, Mrs. Lee came
in from the kitchen, and taking her
work-basket from the closet, placed it on
the table, and sitting down without
speaking, began to sew. Mrs. Lee
glanced almost at once at the new work-
basket, and saw that it was the bosom
of a shirt which was stitching neatly.
He knew that it was for him she was at
work.

"Praise your wife." The words were
before the eyes of his mind and he could
not look away from them; but he was
not ready for this yet. He still felt
moody and unforgiving. The expression
on his wife's face he interpreted to
mean ill nature, and with ill nature he
had no patience. His eyes fell upon the
newspaper spread out before him and he
read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful, well spoken in a
gloomy house is the best gift in the world,
and had it in a slight kindness she did
not turn her face, but her husband saw
that she leaned a little toward him. He
had broken the ice of reserve and all was
easy now. His hand was among the
bosom and a few tender words were
struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and
I've heard it more than once what a
good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her hus-
band did not fail to observe that she lost
almost instantly that rapid readiness
with which she had been sitting, and that
the motion of the needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter
than those of any other made in the
shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are these?" she asked, and he saw
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Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her
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in the expression of her countenance
that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite
soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated An-
drew, starting up and going round to the
side of the table where she was sitting.

"What a question, Mary," he replied, as
he stood before her.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken
answer. "How strange that you should
ask me such a question."

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THE BRIG SOMERS MUTINY.

A TRAGEDY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Swift Execution of a Son of a Cabinet Minister.

"If you would only tell me so now and
then, Andrew, it would do me good."
Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face
against the mantle breast of her husband,
stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon
the mind of Andrew Lee, he had never
given his wife even the smallest reason
of praise in all the loving interest he
had manifested daily, and doubt of his
love had entered her soul and made the
light all around her face grow dim.

No wonder that her face grew dim, and
what he considered moodiness and ill-na-
ture took possession of his heart.

"You are good and true, Mary, my
own dear wife, I am proud of you, I love
you, and my first desire is for your hap-
piness. Oh, I always see you here in
sunshine my home would be the dar-
est place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words
of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs.
Lee, smiling through her tears into his
eyes. "But with a very step."

"Come," she said at last, with a side
glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only;
none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

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He was tempted to speak an angry word,
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HOW WASHINGTON DIED.

A Case in which an Illustrious Patient was Over-doctored.

Looking into Bivulvar Anatomy—How an Oyster Feels and Maintains Itself.

AN OYSTER STUDY.

ITS MOUTH, HEART, LIVER, BLOOD-VESSLS, ETC.

Looking into Bivulvar Anatomy—How an Oyster Feels and Maintains Itself.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart,
a liver, a stomach, cunningly devised in-
testines, and other necessary organs,
just as all living, moving, intelligent
creatures have. And all these things
are covered from men's rude insipid
gaze by a mantle of pearly gum,
whose web and warp put to shame the
finest lace of your windows in winter.

The mouth is at the smaller end of the
oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval
shape, and, though not readily seen by
an inexperienced eye, the small, oval
size can be easily discovered by gently
feeling a blunt needle or similar in-
strument along the surface mentioned.

When the spot is found, your bodkin can
be thrust between the delicate lips and
a considerable distance toward the
stomach without causing the oyster to
close its mouth. In this manner the
yell with pain.

When the mouth is found, the bodkin
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CHECK-RAISERS.

Devices Used for Removing Ink and Cancelling Figures.

Looking into Bivulvar Anatomy—How an Oyster Feels and Maintains Itself.

Check-raising is getting to be one of
the lost arts, and is an old detective,
and as checks are prepared now-days
they are pretty safe. There are some
of the crooked men, however, who
know all the tricks of removing ink,
and I was once curious enough to learn
how it was that they could so success-
fully alter a check. Different forgers
use different methods. One successful
stock-forged used equal quantities of
sulphuric acid, common salt and
rock alum, which he boiled for half
an hour in white wine in a new pip-
kin, or he used a fine sponge shaped
like a pencil, which he dipped in equal
quantities of nitre and vitriol distilled.

As he passed this point over the ink it
came right off. Sometimes equal quan-
tities of sulphuric acid and powdered sal-
tpetre, both distilled, were used. For
long time the police did not understand
what was made of a little ball that
now and then was found in the pos-
session of a prisoner. This turned
out to be made of alkali and sulphur,
and was used for removing ink. It is
hard to find an ink that will not dis-
appear under one plan of treatment or
another. I knew a check-raiser who
had a small laboratory. He kept bot-
tles of acids of all sorts and a case of
chemical knowledge of chemicals and pig-
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